

SAMBA ILLUSTRATED

#12



Sata

THE OFFICIAL QUARTERLY SATANIC BULLETIN

(Our Policy)
Dedicated to the advancement and preservation of the Sacred and Unholy Satanic Cult; to Satan, the Devil, and the Demons of Lust; and to the seeding of evil and wrongdoing everywhere.

(Our Artists)
Dan Adkins
George Barr
Ray Capella
Bill Pearson
Dave Prosser
SatAnon

(Our Motto)
People are no damn good.

BIG ANIMOSITY ISSUE! TABLE OF PORTENTS

FICTION

The Temple
George Barr.....page 1

ADVENTURE

Troublesome Quatocast on
Boondock Planet
Clod Hall.....page 4

EXPOSE

The Painting
Bob Warner.....page 9

OFF TRAIL

Particularly Meticulously
Dr. Raymond Wallace....page 18

BOOK BONUS ...

More Wouldy Mush?
Esmond Adams.....page 20



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SATA is published quarterly, or as near thereto as possible, at 4516 E. Glenrosa Avenue, Phoenix, Arizona. If it amuses you to send dog-eared playbills from some underground bistro in Paris or green stamps or even Authentic Sofia Loren Belly-Button Lint, then by all means do so. But I'll not guarantee reciprocating with copies of Sata for anything short of good ol' U.S. and A. currency. On the other hand, some of the most unlikely oritturs are likely to find this lurking in their mailbox without even knowing who I am. To these unfortunates, I can only offer my humble condolences. Issue #12, May, 1960.

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THE TEMPLE



The light of the pale Egyptian moon
Turns polished silver each wind-swept dune,
And with its shattered jeweled rays
The boundless desert sands are strewn.

From far across the sculptured drifts,
A jackal's cry the silence lifts,
And fills the ancient temple's halls,
Echoing through the time-worn rifts.

Its once-great glory now unknown,
The temple sleeps through time, alone.
The desert rats and lizards creep,
Where kings once walked, upon the stone.

Like watchful guards, the pillars stand;
Sentinels in this timeless land;
Slowly crumbling into dust;
Deeply scarred by wind-blown sand.

Three times its walls were covered o'er.
A heavy dusty robe it wore,
Hidden from the pale moon's gaze.
And then the sands moved on once more.

Long shafts of silver light fall through
Between the towering pillars to
Form moon-paths across the floor,
And light the spots where flow'rs once grew.

The moaning wind begins to rise,
And fills the hall with echoing cries.
And while it howls and sobes and sings,
The moon hangs lower in the skies.

As the glowing orb descends.
Slowly each light-path extends
Into the ancient god's retreat.
Their journey on his altar ends.

For one second's time, the light
A jeweled object brings to sight.
The sacrificial dagger lies
Beside a skeleton - gaunt and white.

A man laid out upon the stone;
His once-strong arms, now only bone,
To the altar of the god reach out,
Where a tragic thing is shown.

Lying in a tattered gown
Upon the altar's top - stained brown
With ancient blood - a heap of bones;
A skull encircled by a crown.

A gem-encrusted golden band;
A mark of honor in this land.
In ages past the fairest maid
In marriage gave the god her hand.

The sacrificial victim's fate;
To give up all she loved to mate
A dark and evil god's desires,
When through his priests, he called a mate.

How had she died? How had he?
The blade which struck so cruelly
Into his back, was meant for her.
What had caused this tragedy?

Was their's perhaps a love so brief
That he, her lover, filled with grief
Sought to rescue or to die ---
To find life's joy or death's relief?

Had she been forced to watch him die?
Or he, to suffer her last cry?
Or perhaps, as lovers should,
Did they together fate defy?

Only those who saw the end
Could any light the mystery lend.
But time has stopped their mouths with dust:
Long since to earth they did descend.

From the moon-path's silver light,
Tiny specks of glittering white
Whirl into the shadowed room
To drive away the brooding night.

The glistening notes, as if endowed
With sentient life, now form a cloud
About the forms so still in death,
To clothe each in a glowing shroud.

Faster whirls the silver dust,
Weaving in and out, as must
The dancers have, in years gone by,
Fanning to flame the dark god's lust.

The wind, through cracked and broken wall,
With sobbing moans and screams, recalls
The countless maids in ages gone
Who met their deaths within these halls.

Suddenly, the moon descends.
The desert wind's mad wailing ends.
The whirling dust sinks to the floor.
The echo with the silence blends.

Stillness in the temple reigns.
But though the moon set, light remains
In two white spots. The pillared hall
More brilliance than the moon attains.

The shimmering white unearthly glow
Condenses. From it, two shapes grow;
Their forms, indefinite and faint,
As seen through clouds or water-flow.

From the altar's blood-stained crown,
A maiden young and fair steps down,
Her raven hair with jewels strung.
Her hands caress a gem-starred gown.

Her lovely lips part in a smile.
Her arms reach out: her eyes beguile.
Her face reflects the perfect love
That neither time nor death defile.

Rising from the sand-scarred floor,
Her lover comes, as long before.
Handsome, strong and clothed in light,
He takes her in his arms once more.

Why they died in ages past ---
How they came to breathe their last ---
Must remain a mystery,
For time has sealed the secret fast.

The temple where they met their end
May in the years to dust descend.
But their pure and deathless love
Throughout the aeons will extend.

Till no man is left to stand
Where desert covers sea and land,
And robbed of even the jackal's cry,
The breeze alone blows o'er the sand.



TROUBLESOME ON BOONDOCK PLANET.

The instant Chuck dove into the slime of the pool, he realized he was in trouble. Crawlers slapped their suckers into his skin, eager for his blood... But his momentum carried him deeper and it was too late to stop.

He saw the faint glimmer of the shoe in the red haze of the water. Pulling it out of the mud, he swam upward until he broke the surface.

Then he was quickly out on the grass, rolling over and over to scratch off the small crawlers.

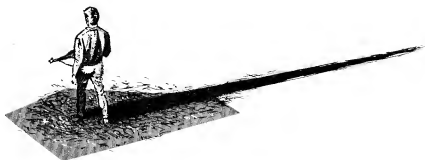
When he stood up, shaking the water out of his shoe, Moxita came over and favored him by pulling out the remaining crawlers that he hadn't rolled off. But she still wasn't speaking to him. Not after what had happened last night.

That damned Guatocat. All this trouble.

Chuck Dewitt wiped the mud off his shoe and slipped it on. Finishing with the zipper, he smiled hopefully at Moxita -- but she was still mad.

He shrugged his shoulders and went back into the tent they'd e-

GVATOCAT



CLUB HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY: ADKINS -

rected the day before. Moxita followed him, in silence. Slowly, he began to pack and she packed with him. She was a good wife, even if she was a Boondocker. Chuck thought that the green tint of her skin added something to the natural lithesome beauty of her race. But these mad spells of hers; they irritated him.

He whirled at her, "It was only a Guatocat, for cripes sake!" "A good Guatocat," she corrected. "And you had to chase it away by throwing a shoe at it. Now it may not come back."

"Well, I'm all for that," Chuck said sarcastically, flinging a pair of dirty socks into one of the packs. He buckled the straps and tossed the pack onto the levitator platform. "What a stupid religion," he persisted, "worshipping big cats!"

Moxita didn't reply. She'd lapsed behind her wall of silence. And she wouldn't speak--he glanced at his watch--for another hour or so. Her mad spells often lasted two days.

But Chuck knew that he was falsely accusing her. The cats weren't symbolic, nor even remotely connected with religion. Boondock women liked the big tawny things and Boondock men seemed to hate them and chased them away whenever possible. Chuck could easily understand why. Like last night -- the big cat had prowled near their tent and created so much racket with its screams that he hadn't been able to sleep. So, he had chunked a shoe at it to chase the thing away. The shoe had plummeted into the pool. It was too far back to the city to get another pair so he'd had to dive into the pool for his old one.

Guatocats were big trouble all the way around.

He took the guide rope and floated the platform out of the tent, then began to break down the plastic structure. Moxita helped him dutifully.

Everything was packed and they moved out onto the jungle trail. For a while, Moxita walked behind him. But she soon tired and climbed upon the platform.

Chuck was a bug-trapper. He made the rounds twice a month in his territory and sold the brittle bug shells to the hospitals on Earth. When boiled down via chemical processes into a liquid state, the sticky substance that formed the bug's outer shell was a positive cure for the common cold.

He tended one trap, took the horned bug out of the static field trap and killed it, then slung the carcass aboard the platform. Moxita, who loved him inspite of the times when she was mad at him, scooted over to make room for the shell. He sneaked a loving glance at his strange-world wife.

Lately, it had come into his mind to have a son. Of course, it wasn't easy to get the idea over to Moxita. Twice, he had tried it, but...well...He'd also mentioned it to Harper, the old trader who operated the shell market--dome down by Caix Lake and Harper had said--rather embarrassed--to take his wife with him on his next round of traps.

Which Chuck was doing now. But Harper's advice was not succeeding because it seemed that Moxita was staying mad at him. After he'd thrown that shoe at the Guatocat, she'd tossed his blankets outside onto the platform and that's where he'd spent the night.

Other Earthmen had children by Boondock women. No problem there. Proof of the matter was Harper. Eighteen kids.

Nope. The only trouble was with Moxita and the Guatocats.

Wearily, Chuck bent his head and strolled on down the trail. Maybe Harper could advise him. After last night, Chuck knew something had to be done. The way things were going now, his nerves would collapse in another week.

The day seemed to pass slowly, but he put his mind to the task of tending the traps and it wasn't until late in the evening that he noticed the two Guatocats slipping through the dense ferns that bordered the trail.

The big cats were seldom dangerous. They resembled an Earth tiger in some ways, except for the thin tentacles growing in a mass from the tops of their heads.

At first, he wasn't sure, but when he saw one spring lightly across a small clearing, he knew they were following him. Just to be safe, he stopped and took his proton rifle off of the platform. Slinging it over his shoulder, he felt more secure.

"We'll be at Harper's about two hours from now," he said in Moxita's direction.

She didn't reply. Chuck looked at his wrist watch. It was odd that she wasn't over her mad spell yet. They seldom lasted this long. Women!

The Guatocats seemed to be doing a good job of keeping up with him, Chuck noticed, because when he quickened his pace, they were still there; sometimes invisible, but always present nearby.

He hoped they wouldn't start anything. There was a stiff penalty for killing one of the creatures, whether they attacked you or not. Evidently, if one attacked, you were supposed to run. Chuck had never heard of one of the cats attacking a man but he'd be damned if he'd take any chances with one of them.

The cats seemed to be creeping closer, becoming more courageous every minute. He wasn't worried yet. If things came to worse, he'd climb upon the platform and boost it up out of reach.

Time was a factor. If he could manage to reach the clearing at Harper's, the cats would wander off.

He glanced back at Moxita. She seemed to be in a trance with the slight fringes of a smile playing about her lips.

He was tugging the platform around a curve in the trail when he came face to face with one of the Guatocats. The big tawny thing was crouched ahead of him in the trail, its tail making a circle ominously in the air. With tentacles waving furiously, it stared at him.

The cat appeared to be preparing to spring.

There wasn't time to get on the platform. With an instinctive motion, Chuck slung the rifle off his shoulder and brought it up and sighted. There was a hissing noise as he pressed the button and the big cat fell apart into tiny dust motes that settled slowly to Earth.

Moxita was screaming as Chuck darted forward in the trail to make sure that the other Guatocat wasn't preparing to attack.

But the other Guatocat had departed for places unknown. So he ran back to comfort Moxita.

She was crying uncontrollably, "You killed it!" she wailed, "You killed a Guatocat!"

Chuck was angry now. Lat at her for worrying more about a damned cat than himself and mad at himself because of the stiff fine he'd have to pay for killing the thing.

"Shut up," he told her. Viciously, he grabbed the rope to the platform and, with the rifle grasped firmly in his other hand, he trudged quickly past the tiny pile of dead Guatocat in the trail.

It didn't take much longer to reach Harper's. He was anxious to get out of the jungle now and he was also worried. Moxita was having a nervous breakdown; screaming her head off. At Harper's, he could send for a doctor.

He was panting heavily when he broke free of the jungle into the clearing before Harper's market-dome. The platform's inertia flung it to the length of the rope when Chuck stopped.

Harper, his white beard streaming over his shoulder, came running out to Moxita and helped her down from the platform. Mrs. Harper, a kindly Boondock woman, was right behind him. Together, they led the still sobbing Moxita inside the huge air-conditioned dome. Chuck was almost too winded and tired to move.

A moment later, Harper came back out of the dome. He wore a troubled frown.

"Migod!" he exclaimed, "Did you really kill a Guatocat?"

Chuck, still breathless, was only able to nod his head.

"For God's sake, why! I thought you wanted to be a father. Well, you've damned sure spoiled your chances now!"

"The cat was attacking," panted Chuck.

"Attacking, hell!" raved Harper, swinging his gnarled hands.

He stared at Chuck, his eyes flashing rage. Then he began to simmer down. For a time, he just stomped around in the dust.

Chuck was leaning on the platform for support. Something Harper had said was beginning to dawn on him. "What...what has a Guatocat got to do with having a baby?" Chuck asked. He had a fairly high intelligence ratio, and was forming conclusions that scared him.

Harper didn't answer; merely shuffled the toe of his shoe in the dust.

Chuck moaned. "Boondock doesn't have a...a tri-sexual race?"

Harper shook his head. "It's all my fault, I guess. I just took it for granted that you already knew about the birds and bees."

"Now look! I'm not going to let one of those damned cats touch Moxita. I don't give a bucket of blood if we never have any children!"

"The cats only furnish atmosphere, son," Harper explained patiently. "Ever hear one scream? That scream is a sonic nerve stimulant that does something chemically inside a woman."

"Then why do Boondock men chase them away?"

"How would you like to have a hundred brats yapping at your heels? Boondock women require only two months in order to give birth to a new litter."

Chuck did some rapid figuring. "That amounts to about six children a year."

"Wrong," Harper stated, shaking his head. "Depends upon the number of Guatocats. One cat around, one child. Two cats, two offspring. When a Boondocker wants an offspring, he goes into the jungle and captures a Guatocat with a stun gun and puts it in a cage and takes it back to his home. Bingo."

"If you'd told me this before, I wouldn't have shot that cat. Now, not only do I have a stiff fine to pay, but Moxita to pacify. She'll probably stay mad a week."

"How would you feel if your nerves had just been ripped apart," Harper asked. He shook his old wizened head, "But you're worse off than that, son. Every time something like this has happened, the Guatocats refuse to cooperate from there on out. They'll never scream around you again."

"But how could they know I killed one?" Chuck asked. "I'll just go capture one in the jungle on the other side of the city."

"Won't work. Somehow, the cats know. Telepathic."

And that was the gist of the evening. Moxita soon regained some of her composure and Chuck set out on the return journey. Unbelievably, he stunned a Guatocat and fastened a cage for it. When it regained consciousness, it was as Harper had said -- the cat was morose and sat silently in its cage.

Days passed. Paying the fine hadn't hurt half as much as the realization that he and Moxita could never have any children.

Now that he had reason, Chuck checked with a Boondock doctor and what Harper had told him was relatively true.

Weeks later, he discussed the situation with Harper when he was again in that territory.

"Moxita has grown sad," Chuck said, leaning across the counter as Harper counted his take of bug shells.

"A lap-kitty won't compare with a child," said Harper.

"Don't rub it in. How was I to know?"

"Could have happened to anyone," Harper justified.

"I've often wondered," said Chuck, "All of your children look about the same age. Why?"

"Eighteen Guatocats, son. One of the dangers of living in the jungle like this. All of my offspring are of the same litter. Better believe I was careful after that. I had a couple police shepherds brought in from Earth to use as watch dogs. Dogs hate the big cats and the cats have little love for the dogs. The dogs keep the Guatocats away."

"That's it!" yelled Chuck. "Can I borrow one of your dogs?"

"Both of the original dogs have died, but I'll sell you one of the pups."

Three months later, Chuck again stopped at the market-dome and yelled for Harper to come out.

Harper and his gree-skinned wife went out into the dust and there sat Moxita on the platform with a baby in her arms -- Chuck was standing on the ground with the rope of the platform in his hand and a proud fatherly smile on his face.

"How in Jupiter did you do it?" Harper exclaimed, astonished.

"Earthman ingenuity," Chuck bragged.

"I'll be blasted!"

"You gave me a clue the last time I was here," Chuck pointed out.

"Remember what you said about dogs hating the big cats? Well, I captured a Guatocat and, at an opportune moment, put the dog into its cage. That Guatocat screamed alright, and loud."

Chuck let out a laugh and handed Harper a cigar.

"So, you see," he continued, "I'd like to buy another of your dogs. Moxita and I have been thinking we might like a set of twins the next time."





The painting was a monstrosity. It was a swirling mess of green, red and brown, thrown together into crude and obscene shapes. Suggestibility was the keynote of the painting; for one could look at it for a moment and feel his imagination come alive with a hundred morbid dreams.

The painting hung in John Mosby's livingroom, above his reading chair. He had acquired it from an obscure art dealer a month prior; and for all its ugliness, he enjoyed gazing at it in the evenings when he came home from his office. There was a restful feeling in the brown shapes, a soothing feeling in the green and a relaxing feeling in the red. Probably he was the only person, save for the one who had painted it, who could look upon the painting and enjoy what he saw. Or, rather, what he felt.

The door buzzer hummed at precisely seven-thirty. John Mosby, fresh out of the shower, with the faint smell of aftershave lotion clinging to his cheeks, carefully finished the knotting of his tie, glanced at the effect in his dressingtable mirror and felt pleased with his appearance. For a bachelor of twoscore and seven, he thought, I'm still a handsome fellow.

He opened the door and smiled at Maria, "Come in, darling," he said, taking her arm. Maria returned his smile and walked arm-in-arm with him into the room.

They stopped in the center of the room and kissed. Maria pressed herself to him hungrily, and for a long moment John Mosby was lost in a strong desire.

When they reluctantly broke their embrace, John Mosby pushed Maria away, holding her shoulders and letting his eyes take in her body.

"Such a beautiful creature. Too bad I couldn't have met you twenty years ago."

"For all the good it would have done you," Maria laughed, "I was only twelve. I had braces on my teeth, freckles splotted all over my face, and I was abominably fat. So there!"

"Well, we would have made a go of it anyway."

John Mosby threw his arm around Maria's shoulder and turned her around to face the wall upon which hung the painting. He flung out his other arm, palm up.

"I have acquired a priceless work of art. How do you like it?"

Maria looked at the painting and for a while said nothing. John Mosby glanced at her face and saw a film of fear over her eyes. His arm still lay over her shoulders, and he could feel her shrinking away from the painting.

Finally she said:

"John, it's hideous."

"Not hideous, just different," said John Mosby hastily, seeing that she was genuinely upset by the painting.

"Now, come on, let's eat some of my marvelous cooking, then go sit mystified through a horror movie."

John Mosby returned to his apartment at twelve o'clock. He turned on the reading lamp and sat down to relive the past two hours. Maria's body so near his own, almost merged with his own. He knew her lipstick had come off on his shirt collar, and the knowledge made him feel strangely youthful again.

Maria Williams was indeed a lucky find for him. Thirty-two years old (she looked and acted more like twenty-five), unmarried, with interests strikingly similar to his own, she had come into his life two



years ago, at a time when he had relinquished himself to the staleness of "old age", and brought him back to life.

During the last two years John Mosby and Maria Williams had enjoyed a companionship that bordered on the sublime. They seemed to sense one another's thoughts, moods, emotions; they were held together by a bond of intimacy that neither of them could understand or explain. Many times they said, "We were just meant for each other," and certainly that was true. They had never quarrelled, had never felt ill-at-ease together. Always, they looked for and brought out the best in one another, magnifying their affections.

And yet -- they were not in love. There was a link between them, as strong as any personal link could have hoped to be. They shared themselves with one another -- their thoughts, their hopes, their desires -- but there was no love involved. It seemed that one was extension of the other, and that without one the other was incomplete. They had met and they had come together, and now they were fulfilled. In all ways save one: Their inability to find love, one for the other.

John Mosby sat far into the morning hours before a weariness fell upon him and sleep caused his eyelids to flutter. He relaxed in the chair, stretched out his legs, kicked off his shoes.

Slowly he dropped into a light slumber. It seemed that he was still partially awake, for the sounds of the room -- the ticking of the mantle clock, the humming of the air-conditioner, the swirling of the colors over the canvas above his head -- were greatly magnified. He seemed to be sinking down into a warm mist, which swirled about him and obscured his vision and rendered his body immobile.

--The swirling of the colors over the canvas above his head.

Yes; yes, he could hear the colors. He could hear the reds and the browns and the greens. The colors sounded so much different from the way they looked, but he knew which was which. The liquid gurgling; that was the red. The rustling, awkward scraping; that was the green. And the soft, humming vibration; that was the brown. The sounds merged, crept across his mind, spread through his body, bringing a warmth.

You haven't found love, said the sounds, tugging at him.

You've found only pleasure and temporary fulfillment, they whispered.

Maria gives you strength, but she can never give you love, they murmured, caressingly.

Maria is no good for you, but I am good for you. I can give you love.

John Mosby awakened with frightening abruptness. The voices of the painting still echoed in his mind. His hands gripped the arms of the chair, and a great weakness held him in its frigid grasp.

"Maria," he said. "Maria." The sound of her name was unpleasant. "Maria." The thought of her face, of her lips, of her eyes that looked into his own, was somehow obscured. The memories of taking her into his arms and holding her so near -- he pushed them out of his mind.

Rising from the chair, he turned and looked at the painting. The red spirals and the green swoops and the brown undulations. They flowed and wriggled and contorted across the canvas. They shimmered and reflected the light dully and came alive with a thousand faint but perceptible movements. They formed soothing shapes and tender shapes and gentle shapes. He gazed into the red-green-brown depths and saw a core of softness that beckoned so irresistibly that he could not deny it.

The reason I bought the painting, John Mosby thought, was because I wanted love. The reason I bought the painting was because I felt that it contained all the love I could ever need or want. I didn't know it at the time, but that's why I bought the painting.

He had invited Maria to his apartment that night, as he had often done in the past, ostensibly to share with her a large dinner he had prepared for them. But now he knew that was not the only, nor the real reason for his having wanted her to come to his apartment on that particular night. He had wanted to show her the painting, and in so doing to say goodbye to her. Their love-making had been particularly violent that night, just before he had left her. Had she known what was happening? He recalled the look on her face, the fear in her eyes when he showed her the picture. Had she known, then?

Well, it didn't matter whether she knew or not. She would find out soon enough.

John Mosby crossed the room and picked up the telephone. He dialed Maria's apartment and waited for her to answer. All the while, he watched the painting.

Maria's voice came from the receiver, sounding very sleepy.

"This is John, Maria. I'm sorry to awaken you at this hour, but there's something important I must tell you."

The painting formed many shapes, stretched out the colors and snapped them back, moving, curling, contorting. He could hear the colors moving softly.

"What is it, darling?" Maria asked, and he was infuriated by the innocent tone of her voice. Surely she must know.

The colors were moving faster, now, becoming impatient for him to say what must be said and get it over with. He watched them, fascinated by their subtle changes, overwhelmed by the surge of warmth which passed through his body, causing it to ache pleasantly with an inexplicable passion:

"I have called to say goodbye," John Mosby said.

"It's the painting," Maria said. "It's that hideous painting."

John Mosby chuckled. It was the first time he had heard Maria speak angry words, and the sound was cold and rasping. Here was a side to Maria that he had never seen.

"Yes, it's the painting."

"I knew. I think I knew from the moment I saw it. But we have so much, John. I can't understand how a painting, a hideous painting like that, could take it all away."

The room was alive with the sound of the painting, and John Mosby wondered if Maria could hear it also. It swelled in soft murmuring caresses; it whispered gentle words that were not words at all but wondrous sensations. If Maria could hear those sounds she would know, or she should know, what a marvelous thing the painting was.

Hurry! called the painting. Hurry! Get it over with! And he realized with a flutter of anticipation that the painting was jealous. Maria had never been jealous of him. Love made the difference. Love made the jealousy.

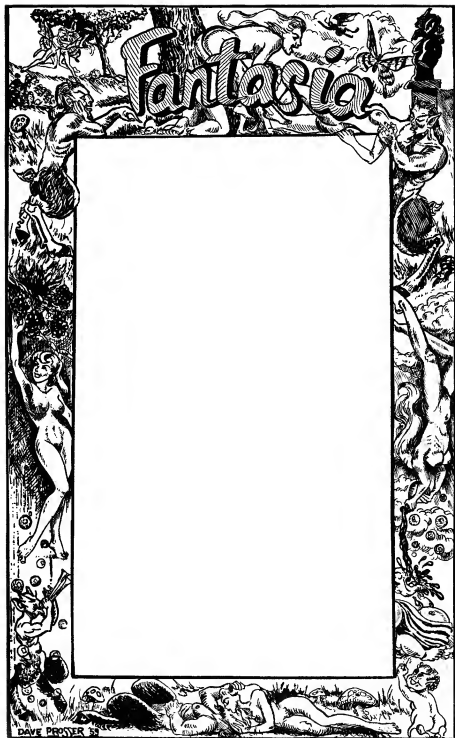
"Goodbye, Maria," John Mosby said. She said something else, but he didn't hear her words. He dropped the receiver back into its cradle. It wouldn't hurt Maria too much. She wouldn't miss him for his own self, but she would miss him for the particular sameness that had held him to her.

John Mosby stretched forth his arms and started across the room toward the painting, while the room swelled and pulsed to the rhythm of love that came from the painting in beating waves. The colors changed shape again and again, and a single form finally solidified and became a face. Full, red lips and soft, green eyes and dark brown hair. A complexion that was light and clear and radiant. The eyes shone, and the lips moved to form the words I love you.

John Mosby moved across the room with fire in his chest and a vast longing in his mind. The room became very still and quiet, as though time had frozen there. Taking the painting gently from the wall, John Mosby held it tightly to his chest and closed his eyes and trembled as the fire of love burned through his being.

"And I love you," he said.





A LEGION OF STERILE WOMEN CRY... HELP!

THE EDITORIAL

At various times in the past few months I've been struck with the idea that I had something to say, but, luckily, these periods of madness have been of short duration and now that the time for editorializing is at hand I find myself floating upon a cloud of complacency of which any true Christian would be envious. Thus, this page shall be devoted to a remarkable and engrossing historical biography on the life of one of the greatest humans who ever trod upon this kookie planet... The following is a quote, Morris:

"But what is THERE, -- beyond the stars?" he would ask.
"Other worlds, Francesco, other stars, which we see not."

"And beyond them?"

"Still others."

"Yes, but in the end, -- in the very end?"

"There is no end."

"There is no end?" repeated the boy, and Leonardo felt Francesco's hand tremble within his; in the light of the unmovable flame of a lamp burning on a little table in the midst of the astronomical instruments he saw that the child's face had become covered with sudden pallor.

"But where," asked he, slowly, with growing amazement, "where is Paradise then, Messer Leonardo, -- the angels, the martyrs, the Madonna, and God the Father, sitting on His throne, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost?"

The master was about to retort that God is everywhere, -- in all the grains of sand of the earth, as well as in the suns and the universes; but kept his peace, sparing the child's faith.

"The artist who does not doubt attains but little. 'Tis a good thing for thee if thy creation be above the value thou dost set by it; 'tis bad if it be equal to it; but the greatest misfortune of all is for it to be below it, -- which is the case with those who wonder how it was that God helped them to make anything so excellent. --"



THE ROMANCE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI

Written by Dmitri Merejkoovski in 1938, (Webster insists it's Merezhkovski) and this particular edition published by The Heritage Reprints in 1954, I could not begin to describe the total excellence of the entire book. The following two chapters are not typical at all, but reveal the author to be far more than a mere historian....

"LEONARDO contains portions which are veritable poems in prose -- such as Cassandra's visit to the deserted isle temple of an unknown god; curiously read as I am, I can recall no other bit, in any language, that even approximates Merejkoovski's stark description of Walpurgis night -- a sheer tour de force of the macabre...."

Bernard Guilbert Guernsey (Englisher)



BOOK 4: The Witches' Sabbath
chapter VII

Out of the hearth-chimney flew Cassandra, sitting astride a black goat whose soft wool felt pleasant against her bare legs. Rapture filled her soul, and, gasping for breath, she shouted and screamed, like a swallow plunging into the sky:

"Garr! Garr! Up from below, -- and steer clear! . . . We fly! We fly!"

Naked, dishevelled, hideous Aunt Sidonia was rushing beside her, astride her scovel. They flew at such speed that the air they claved whistled in their ears like a hurricane.

"To the North! To the North!" shouted the old woman, guiding her scovel like an obedient steed. Cassandra gave herself up to the intoxication of flight.

"But this mechanician of ours, now, -- this poor Leonardo da Vinci with his flying machines!" she recalled suddenly -- and became still merrier.

Now she would rise upwards: black clouds piled up beneath her, blue lightnings quivering in their heart. Up above was a clear sky with a full moon, -- enormous, dazzling, round as a millstone, and so near that it seemed one could touch it with one's hand. Then she would direct the goat downward anew, seizing him by his twisted horns, and flew headlong, like a loosened stone, into the bottomless abyss.

"Whither goest thou? Whither goest thou? Thou wilt break thy neck! Hast become mad, thou devil's wench?" vociferated Aunt Sidonia, barely keeping up with her.

And now they were rushing so near the ground that they heard the slumbrous grasses in the swamp rustling; the night-fires lit their way, and rotted logs glimmered blue; the tawny owl, the bittern and the goat-sucking whippoorwill called plaintively to one another within dreamy forests.

They flew over the summits of the Alps, sparkling under the moon with their transparent boulders of ice, and descended to the surface of the sea. Cassandra, having scooped up some water in her hand, flung it upward, admiring the sapphire drops. With every moment their flight grew faster. More and more frequently did they come upon fellow wayfarers: a grey, shaggy wizard in a tub; a merry prebendary, pot-bellied, rosy-faced, like Silenus, on a poker; a fair-haired girl of some ten years, innocent of face, blue-eyed, on a bath-broom; a young, naked, rufous anthropophagite witch, on a grunting boar; and a multitude of others.

"Whence come ye, little sisters?" Aunt Sidonia hailed them/

"Out of Ellada, from the Island of Candia!"

Other voices replied:

"From Valencia. . . Off the Brocken. . . From Salaguzzi. . . Mirandola. . . From Benevento. . . Out of Morcia."

"Whither go ye?"

"To Biterne! To Biterne! There the Great Goat celebrates his esponsal -- el Boch de Biterne! Fly, fly! Gather to the Supper!"

Now in a whole flock, like crows, they sped over a dismal plain. In the fog the moon seemed blood-red. In the distance the cross of a lonely village chapel took on a warm glow. The rufous one, -- she who was galloping astride a hog, -- with a squeal flew up to the church, tore off the big bell, cast it with all her force into a bog, and, as it splashed into a pool with a plaintive clang, burst into laughter, just as if she were barking. The fair-haired girl on the bath-broom began to clap her hands with mischievous playfulness.

The moon hid behind the clouds. In the light of the twisted green torches of wax, their blaze vivid and blue, like lightning, upon the snow-white, chalky upland, the enormous coal-black shadows of the dancing witches ran, intertwined, and separated.

"Garri! Garri! The Sabbath, the Sabbath! Right to left, right to left!"

Around the Goat of the Night, Hyrcus Nocturnus, enthroned in state on a crag, thousands upon thousands whirled by, like black rotted leaves of autumn, -- sans beginning, sans end.

"Garri! Garri! Glorify the Goat of the Night! El Boch de Biterne! El Boch de Biterne! Ended are all our tribulations! Rejoice!"

High and hoarse skirled the bag-pipes, made of hollowed dead men's bones; and the drum, drawn over with the skin of men who had met their end on the gallows, thumped with a wolf's tail, throbbed and rumbled, muffled and even: toop, toop, toop. In gigantic cauldrons a horrible mess was coming to a boil, unutterably delectable, even though unsalted, for the Host of this place detested salt.

In modest little nooks love-jinks were starting up, -- of daughters with their fathers, of brothers with their sisters; of a black were-cat, a tom, dainty-mannered and green-eyed, with a submissive little girl, slender, and as pale as a lily; of a visageless, shaggy incubus, as grey as a spider, with a nun who bared her teeth in a shameless smile. Everywhere were loathsome couplings, squirming in their abominations.

A white-fleshed, fat witch-giantess, with a maternal smile on her foolish and kindly face, was feeding two new-born imps, -- the glut-tonous sucklings had attached themselves greedily to her pendulous breasts, and, with loud smacking, gulped down the milk.

Three-year-old infants, who had never yet participated in the Sabbath, were modestly tending, on the edge of the field, a herd of knobby toads with little bells, tricked out in caparisons of cardinals' purple, and fattened on the Holy Eucharist.

"Let us dance!" Aunt Sidonia was impatiently tugging Cassandra.

"The horse-trader might see us!" exclaimed the girl, laughing.

"May he be food for the dogs, this horse-trader!" answered the old woman.

They both dashed off, and the dance carried them off like a gale, with din, howling, squealing, roaring and laughter:

"Garri! Garri! Right to left! Right to left!"

Someone's long, wet moustaches, just like those of a walrus, were pricking Cassandra's neck from behind: someone's thin, hard tail was tickling her in front; someone or other pinched her painfully and shamelessly; someone or other bit her, having whispered in her ear a monstrous caress. But she did not resist: the worse, -- the better; the more awful, -- the more intoxicating.

Suddenly they all stopped, instantaneously, rooted to the spot; they grew deathly still, as if turned to stone.

From the black throne, where the Unknown sat in state, surrounded with horror, resounded a stifled voice that was like to the rumble of an earthquake:

"Accept ye my gifts; the humble, my strength; the meek, my pride; the poor in spirit, my knowledge; the grieving at heart, my joyousness! Accept ye them!"

A greybeard dotard, benignant of visage, one of the higher members of the Most Holy Inquisition, a patriarch of the wizards, performing the Black Mass, solemnly proclaimed:

"Sanctificetur nomen tuum per universum mundum, et libera nos ab omni malo. Fall prostrate, ye faithful!"

All prostrated themselves, and, mimicking churchly chanting, the sacrilegious choir burst forth:

"Credo in Deum patrem Luciferum, qui creavit coelum et terram. Et in filium ejus Beelzebub."

When the last sounds had died away, and silence again fell, the former voice that was like to the rumble of an earthquake again resounded:

"Bring me my spouse unespoused, -- my dove undefiled!"

The high priest interrogated:

①⑥ "What is the name of thy spouse, of thy dove undefiled?"

"Madonna Cassandra! Madonna Cassandra!" the answer rumbled forth. Hearing her name, the witch felt her blood turning to ice in her veins, felt the hair on her head stand up on end.

"Madonna Cassandra! Madonna Cassandra!" the cry floated over the horde. "Where is she? Where is our sovereign mistress? Ave, archisponsa Cassandra!"

She covered her face with her hands, and was fain to flee, -- but bony fingers, claws, tentacles, proboscides, and shaggy spiders' paws stretched forth, seized her, tore off her shift, and drew her toward the throne stark-naked and shivering.

A goatish stench and the chill of death were wafted in her face. She cast down her eyes in order not to see.

Then He that sat upon the throne spake, saying:

"Come!"

She bent her head still lower and saw at her very feet a fiery cross, shining in the dark. Making a supreme effort, she overcame her loathing, made a step, and lifted up her eyes to Him who rose up before her.

And the miracle was wrought.

The goat's hide fell from Him, even as the shed skin sloughs from a snake, and the ancient Olympio god Dionysos appeared before Lonna Cassandra, with a smile of eternal rejoicing on his lips, holding a thyraus uplifted in one hand, a cluster with its tongue.

And at the very same instant the Devil's Sabbath was transformed into the divine orgy of Bacchos; the old witches into youthful maenads; the monstrous demons into aegipedal satyrs; and there, where the dead boulders of the chalky cliffs were, sprang up colonnades of white marble, illuminated by the sun; between them, in the distance, the azure sea began to sparkle, and Cassandra beheld in the clouds the entire sun-clad throng of the gods of Hellas.

The satyrs, the bacchantes, -- striking tympani, stabbing their nipples with knives, squeezing out the scarlet juice of grapes into kraterae of gold and mixing it with their own blood, -- danced, whirled, and chanted:

"Glory, glory to Dionysos! The great gods have arisen from the dead! Glory to the gods arisen!"

The nude youth Bacchos opened his embraces to Cassandra, and his voice was like unto thunder, shaking heaven and earth:

"Come, come, my spouse, my dove undefiled!"

Cassandra sank into the embraces of the god.

— ❖ ❖ ❖ —



Magio concoction to make witches fly...poisonous lactuca, swamp smallage, hemlock, banewort, henbane, roots of mandragora, serpents' blood, and the fat of unchristened infants, tortured to death by sorceresses. To be rubbed over the entire body, with incantations.

Now Mass Really Begins

Why is it that so many science fiction writers---and editors---fail to inform themselves of some of the simple rules of English composition? They needn't know the more obscure ones; they aren't expected to recognize the vocative case when they use it, or the remnants in English of the instrumental case, but they should be able to write clearly without confusing the reader by errors in grammar and vocabulary. Instead of following Ambrose Bierce's exhortation to write it right, they write it rough, and leave it that way.

But the genitive case, for instance, is something they should recognize, understand, and know to form. Nevertheless, the placing of the apostrophe is a frequent source of error. It is often found in the possessive pronouns ours, theirs, yours, and hers, and I am confidently expecting to find it some day in his. The possessive character of these words resides in the words themselves, just as in my, mine, thy, thine, etc.; it is not imparted to them by the addition of s with an apostrophe to denote some omission.

Yes, the apostrophe even when used to form a possessive does indicate an omission. The original form of John's book was Johanne his boke. By changes in spelling and the elision of an h, this later became Johnis boke, and still later John's book. A corollary feminine form, such as Jane'r book, did not appear, because at the time the language was being formed women did not own property.

Another error which appears to be common to science fiction authors is the inability to distinguish between lay and lie; I should almost be willing to say that I have never seen lie used correctly in science fiction. But there isn't really anything difficult about it. All that is required is to know the principal parts of each verb, and to remember that lie is intransitive, it never takes an object, and that lay is transitive, it must have an object; you must lay something somewhere---and no jokes, please.

Probably the confusion arises from the fact that the past tense of lie looks and sounds the same as the present tense of lay. However, the following table is memorizable in five minutes, and should have been memorized in grade school by anyone who considers himself a sufficient master of the language to be a writer.



◀ PARTICULARLY METICULOUSLY ▶

by Dr. Raymond Wallace

Infinitive
to lie (down, or abed)

Present	Past	Past Perfect	Present Participle
I lie down	I lay down	I have lain down	I am lying down

Infinitive
to lay (something down, or anywhere)

Present	Past	Past Perfect	Present Participle
I lay it down	I laid it down	I have laid it down	I am laying it down

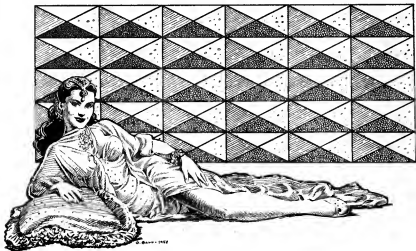
That's all there is to it; nothing more is required. The verb to lie (repose) should not be confused with the verb to lie (to tell a falsehood). The latter verb (principal parts: lie, lied, lied, lying) is quite a different word, with a different etymology.

Writers should know what a predicate adjective is and use it when required, rather than use an adverb. To say that someone looks badly does not mean that he looks unwell, it means that his vision is faulty. To say that he felt badly does not mean that he was depressed or ill, it means that his tactile sense was defective. If you feel bad, say so. If there is uncertainty over the proper form of a particular word, substitute another in the construction to see what form it should take. There is no confusion over the differing meanings of looking anxious and looking anxiously.

Most science fiction authors do avoid the use of a double negative when only one is required, but they are not so skilful in avoiding a triple negative when they want only a double. They seem to be misled by the fact that a negative construction sometimes uses words which by themselves are not recognizably negative. He cannot help but go is a common example of three negative where only two are wanted. The intended meaning is that he must go, but not, help, and but are all negatives in this construction. A double negative makes a positive; a triple negative is equivalent to a single negative. He cannot help going is a correct form of the intended expression; he cannot but go is another, a little stilted nowadays, perhaps, but still serviceable.

A particular source of error among writers of science fiction is the confusion of a certain group of words with others which are similar in sound or appearance, even though in some cases they may be opposite in meaning. This is nothing but fuzzy thinking, and a science fiction author in particular ought to keep his wits keen. Examples are wrack and rack; flout, flaunt; livid, florid; wreak, wreck; torturous, tortuous; full, fulsome; noisy, noisome; exercise, exorcise; and many more.

A writer ought not to be content merely to continue using a word in what he supposes to be its meaning. It should be his goal, over a period of years, to look up in the dictionary every word he uses, not only for its precise meaning and other possible meanings, but for its derivation, in order to understand the subtle connotations arising from its etymology.



MORE

MOULDY MUSH?

BY eSMOND aDAMS

Youthful wit, raconteur, and Gay Blade, Es stands far out and away from the more conservative members of his teenage gang. Besides being the elusive "Outlaw of Torn", senior class president of his own Huntsville High School, (now disposed) and an incurable alcoholic, Es retains the dubious distinction of being, without a doubt, the worst artist I've ever met.....S.B.

It's My Name's Es and I'm Six Years Old and I'm in the First Grade Time: Last time around, in case you didn't know, this portion of Our Column was used to introduce your Affable and Illustrious Columnist. This time, due to a complete paucity of requests for similar material, I will continue this department by presenting the Stirring Story of My Hometown. (Gotta be a nonconformist, ya know...if the crowd say do something, ya can't just go do it. Be independent, like.)

Huntsville, Alabama, is the generally accepted name of the quaint little village we're visiting in this month's trailer, though "Little Chicago" is also coming into vogue. To our civic-minded citizens, however, Huntsville is "Rocket City, U.S.A." Stirring, eh wot? How did this colorful title come into its present worldwide disrepute? That, dear reader, shall here be discussed.

It seems that a couple of years ago some damned fool, noting that Huntsville's Redstone Arsenal is the Army's major rocket research base, gallumphed off to City Hall with a bright idea for getting Huntsville famous and Looked Upon With Awe. All that's needed, stated this right-thinking dullwit, is that the city be subtitled "The Rocket City." Our typically bright, energetic Chamber of Commerce quickly went ape over the scheme, doubtless thinking of our immediate fame and lasting universal recognition; of the countless industries clamoring to get into Our Town.

(Here we slip in a dramatization for extra effect; the scene is the

plush central office of Blehh Enterprises, Inc.; the speaker, a young junior executive named B.O., a backer of Togetherness, a suburbanite, and the proud owner of high-powered late model tailfins. As Camera 2 pulls in for a close-up, we do a slow dissolve into the action:)

"J.P., it seems to me, and my conclusion was reached only after long hours of thought and a great deal of study, that we should move our largest factories and several of our principal branch offices to Huntsville. For, after all, is Huntsville not 'The Rocket City'?"

(Slow fade by Camera 2 as the house lights are turned up; the fading sound track a conglomeration of the rabid shouts of the supporting cast, shouts (a) proclaiming the brilliance of this suggestion, (b) promising the immediate advancement of B.O., and (c) quieter murmurs of the old corporation members as they contentedly realize that they'll be able to leave good ol' Blehh in good hands when they pass on, and like that.)

Things started rolling fast with the Think Big-ers on the council pressing the matter. Before long out came an intriguing little booklet called, by some strange working of the Spirits, "Huntsville, The Rocket City". Gosh. Such originality there. This book naturally became an instantaneous nationwide hit, relating to all the beautiful story of how John Hunt (ah, these clean-cut caucassians) built his log cabin at the site of the Big Spring, fabled from time immemorial in Indian legends..

Well, it must have been an "instantaneous nationwide hit" (if I may backtrack there to quote the writings of a great man). After all, wasn't it an overnight sellout...here? Indeed it was. Enough of this mockery; being Broadminded and Fearless, I fear I must admit that it does not appear likely that this stirring document ever got out into the outer world, O Land of Shadow Beings; much past Lily Plagg. But nearly everybody in town, since they bought it, decided that we had become fabulously famous and that soon we would be drenched with inquiries from people wanting to spend their money here.

Ho, say I.

While rummaging around a local used-book store downtown, I came across an old mimeographed newsheet which I found of considerable interest. It was titled Radio Times, "Tomorrow's Sounds Today," and a portion of it is reproduced below:

((Mistakes, sloppy spacing, and runtogetherwords may be solitarily accredited to APRF* the editor))

((A Poor Excuse For))



NEW YORK, 1 April, 1926 (QNS) Hugo Gernsback, long a leader in the publishing of radio and electronics magazines, has in formed Radio Times that this month he will release, as an experiment, a magazine consisting entirely of pseudoscientific fiction, or as he calls it, "scientifiction." Mr. Gernsback founded the world's first radio magazine, "Modern Electronics", in 1908. In 1911 he published his fantastic serial, "Ralph 124041+." High sales encouraged Gernsback to continue publishing these "scientifiction" stories in later magazines such as "Science and Invention", which had stories not only by Gernsback but by outside writers.

EDITORIAL NOTE: the editors of Radio Times deplore the practice of selling such material as Mr. Gernsback's sci-

entification in a package advertised as containing electronic facts. Such fads, included only to boost sales figures, can do nothing but harm. While many of us strive to bring radio magazines into the respectability they fully deserve, these get-rich schemes of a few tend to tear down all we have accomplished. Wild-eyed scientifictional stories are not what the readers want. As has been proved time and time again, the best policy is to stick with articles on the electronics field, and try to combat the bad image created in the public eye by these fads. We sincerely hope that Mr. Gernsback will recognize his mistake and return to publishing the factual type of material that gave him his start.

James Haraseth

Second April issue out middle of August.

I was down at the University of Alabama last weekend for a veddy fine rush party, and after my head cleared I realized that an idea that would shake fandom had hit me. FAPA and SAPS and NSF and OMPA and the Cult and the Six Fingers and innumerable Other Groups think a lot of themselves. So what should they do? They should rush promising neos and try to make Their Group even better until it gets so good that even

Other Groups admit It's Better. Thass what they should do.

Nonono. Not just little things some of them do now, lik- try to talk people into joining, or giving the gentle shove by placing these peoples names on the waiting list. More than that. College people like booze. Fraternities give rushees Boozee. Faans like Mimeos and Ink and Stencils, plus a couple of Like Thats. And hell, Fans like Boozee, too, now that I think about it. So the APAs might as well give 'em Boozee.

Especially if they rush me.



"During intermission, Es chats with one of the boys in the band."



Have You Ever Heard About The Swans?

Yes, this really is the real editorial...tho it will probably turn out pretty much the same as the other (or unreal) one, with or without the swans, since it's being written by the same goof anyhow. I suppose I should mention to any Loyal Louts among the readership that at last our little zine is acquiring the Satanic reputation it so richly deserves...The editor personally has been acknowledged as: A pagan, a cynic, a beatnik, an athiest, (becuz I play golf on Sunday morning) a communist, (becuz I made mention of the fact that the newspapers or the major magazines of the U.S. und A. just might not print the exact truth all the time) a Sex Fiend, (becuz I read such nasty literature as "Pornography and the Law" by the Kronhausens, and "Sex in History" by G.R.Taylor--the former is pretty dry, incidentally, ((tho the authors make some good points)) and just a trifle overtly commercial) and last but not least, a nut. Naturally, these accusations have crushed me.

One of my aunts loaned me a book - just a privately printed little job - on the life of my great-grandmother. It's called "Poems and Prose by Kate Terry Pearson" and it contains her account of her life in addition to a collection of tender poems. Forgive the effrontery, but I must quote the following biographical tidbit...it exuded the romance of a Snow White and yet the grandeur of a Demille spectacular. Besides, them's my forefathers, Morris:

It's Quotations Time(I notice that this section of the column is fast becoming the most popular of all in "Mouldy Mush" land. It is the final section):

"Ho,there, my guards!" he cried. "Ho" is a royal way of saying, "Come here." So, when the guards had hoed, the King said to them:

"Take this Chief Counselor and throw him away."

Then the guards took the Chief Counselor, and bound him with chains to prevent his struggling, and threw him away.

--L. Frank Baum, The Emerald City of Oz

THE REAL EDITORIAL

"At nineteen romance came riding into her life, for Issac Pearson came out of the West, bringing as his credentials an honored name, a spotless character, an unusual personality, a love that would not take no, and a fortune that had been given him by a wealthy, aristocratic Father. Kate Terry's Father was a noted rector of the Episcopal Church, and she had met many famous and noted men. Issac Pearson had been her sweetheart when she was nine, and he was to be her sweetheart for seventy-five years. With the audacity of a young lover, he overcame every parental objection and carried his bride through a country made barren and desolate by the Civil War to his ancestral home, Huntington Hall. Here, as Mrs. Pearson so beautifully writes in her autobiography, she found her paradise."

MY VISION (Written May 15, 1936 - Age eighty-nine years)

In silence of deep midnight
 With all the world at peace
 A nightbird song awoke me -
 I thought 'twould never cease.
 It trilled and trilled its rhapsody,
 Its notes almost divine,
 Its wild enchanting melody,
 This nightbird song of mine.

And I was in some distant place,
 Another world so far -
 While overhead the midnight sky
 Revealed each radiant star.
 I listened for an Angel voice,
 Searched for the golden throne
 Where those I love are waiting now
 And claim me for their own.

Art is a literal depiction of man's eternal struggle for consolation in an erratic world. As society changes, so does art; but it remains so closely parallel to the layman's personal frustrations that he is unable to recognize it. That may sound pretty pompous, but please allow me this innocent folly. Satan knows serious that strikes rarely in this hollow hail. And this is a subject that hits rather close to home.

Modern Art, or abstract art, (as it is lumpy terminologized) has been labeled by most everybody as pure trash, nonsense, and even insanity. Much of it probably is - just as much of any other art or music form is trash. But as Leonardo and Renoir create masterpieces of realism, so can Pollack and Klee with their own personal expressions.

An expression, would, logically, stem from impressions. An artist is no different from anyone else, nor does he claim to be... Man born into this material existence comes equipped with no more than nine tiny aperatures thru which to communicate with the world about him. Each man, I say, be he artist or Shrimp-Skinner.

But how can one put down a concise material representation of something that has been bombarded on his senses by such phantasmagorical impressions. Impressions of speed and light reflection, blurring vision and registering these weird apparitions in the storerooms of the brain. (I cannot see how it would have been possible for Michelangelo to ever have traveled at any speed much over 20 miles per hour at the very most...)





Impressions of sound...the modern sound amplifiers, modifiers, modulators...the frequencys...the machines, each with their own inexplicable noises. (When Raphael walked through the streets of Rome, I have no doubt an urchin could identify and explain any sounds they might hear.) Even the touching sense has been complicated.

What Zombies and Gremlins we believe in today! Far more superstitions, half-truths and fantasies circulate in our era than, say, 500 years ago. Then mens minds were filled with demons and errant angels. But today! Would any of us doubt the existance of protons or wave lengths or Thiamine HCI? These are not merely my observations, be assured, George Bernard Shaw made a similar comment many years ago in the prologue to Saint Joan. But what does a proton look like -- can anybody tell you? Can anyone dissect a bar (germ? lump? partiole?) of di-a-foocopheryl Acetate and hold it in

front of your nose so you can see it?

Should a doorknob really be drawn on that door in some nameless picture? Becous perhaps, tho you see a doorknob today, tomorrow the door won't need one. Then it will be mysteriously opened by belching at an obscure spot on the ceiling, or by some secret word like "ZYTHUM".

So don't be dismayed at the artist whose work is not always tangible, and never doubt the reality or sincerity of "Modern Art" -- we're all entertaining the identical struggle....the artist is, perhaps, merely incoosolable.

On the comic issue, Joe Vuocnio wonders about chap 3 page 3..."The Case of the Disappearing Nipples"? Or doesn't she wear them all the time? Who's covering up? Well, Joe, that is an interesting question, and I'd been wondering about it myself. I guess the only answer - since the girl was human when she left my hands - is that some poor fellow, obviously a bottle baby, (as Alex King would insist) simply mistook them for fly droppings or warts or something...



With a tremendous burst of strength, he

How fortunate we are to have in this country a group of humble, self-sacrificing men who consistently deprive themselves day after month after year to provide the public with their product at absurd "Below-their-cost" prices for the simple reason that they love all so much and want us to be happy. These men go out of their way -- even appear on TV and in the newspapers -- spreading their generosity to the four winds as if it were an obsession. Living in squalor, wearing rags, and eating only what scraps are left by the neighbors dogs. A salute, then, to these great Americans -- the Used Car Dealers of America!

That just about knocks this issue. Tho your suggestions for improvement will, as always before, be laughed at and ignored, those of us who put the magazine together do hope you get a few minor kicks. Next issue is the 13th, and you can bet your suedes we'll have many surprises in store. Destiny alone decides when and where...but remember, Morris.....

Nobody Kills

Curly Bill

There rilly aren't too many ads this time, so I'll take advantage again by begging for material (please send material...serious articles on any subject, humorous fantasy fiction, and poetry) and by trying to make a buck for myself:

For the many fans who requested it, (Little Horace Bumberbook of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan) the following chart is a fairly accurate history of SATA -

issue	editor	date	repro	total run	back issues avail.
#1	Adkins	March 1956	Ditto	150 copies	OOPS*
#2	Adkins	May 1956	Ditto	150 copies	OOPS
#3	Adkins	July 1956	Ditto	100 copies	OOPS
#4	Adkins	Sept 1956	Ditto	150 copies	OOPS
#5	Adkins	Dec 1956	Multi.	250 copies	OOPS
#6	Pearson	April 1957	Ditto	250 copies	5 copies
#7	Pearson	July 1957	Ditto	250 copies	54 copies
#8	Pearson	Nov 1957	Ditto	200 copies	7 copies
#9	Pearson	March 1958	Ditto	200 copies	18 copies
#10	Pearson	Jan 1959	Litho	500 copies	100+ copies
#11	Pearson	Jan 1960	Litho	500 copies	166 copies

- And the whole point of this amazing research on my part is the fact that these back issues can still be had for 25¢ apiece.
(("Out Of Print, Sorry))

"INSIGHT Magazine" and "Realm of Fantasy", two new fanzines by Jack Cascio. Sample of either 25¢, subs: 5/\$1.00 from Thunderbird Press, 211 N. Fourth St., Benld, Illinois.

"The Fantasy Collector", one of the best trading 'zines now being published. Sample 10¢, subs: 12/\$1.00 from Geo. A. Bibby, 714 Pleasant St., Roseville, Calif.



NO GIRLS?

Hey Fans, I need Yandros #40 and #63 (April 1958), Quirk #4, Any Muzzys, Spectres #3 & #4, Any Brilligs, Twigs #1 thru #4, Any Sexy Venus(usus), Aberration #3. Would even pay money but prefer less honest means if possible.

wrenched loose from his bonds and lunged furiously at the couple on the bed.

Also buy, sell, and trade comics and all sorts of other junk including this science fiction stuff. Need the following items somewhat less than desperately: ADAM vol 1, #2 and #11, vol 2, #5, #6, #8, #9. Brave and Bold #1 thru #7. Extra #2. Figure Quarterlies and Annuals Many. Playboy Vol 1 (all of it). Need tons of other stuff too, and have just as much to get rid of. I won't deny I love Women and Boozie, but those Comic Books drive me insane!...

Wee, frail, all in gingham Janie,
Sitting on a log
One fine Spring day in Autumn.

Along comes Mr. Robin
"Oh, say!" - small,
All in gingham Janie

Snapping off his leg.

W.F. RAIN

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